WORD OF ADVICE.

'Tis the custom to prate of the sadness,
The sins and the sorrows of life:
But I'd rather speak of the gladness
And beauty with which it is rife;
For the darkest of clouds has its lining,
The hardest of labor brings sleep;
'Neath the rocks there is gold for the mining,
And pearls may be found in the deep.

Is it better to sip of life's nectar,
Or purposely drink of its gall?
Would you willingly walk with a specter,
If angels would come at your call?
Would you rather have sunshine and lightness,
Or darkness and gloom in your dreams?
As for me, I would cherish the brightness
With which the whole universe teems.

Look around and behold the earth's glory—
The mountain, the river and plain;
For they tell us an exquisite story,
The burden of Nature's refrain.
How the Father of love, in His kindness,
Has given us more than we know;
Though we throw it aside in our blindness,
And reap of the pain which we sow.

But, to harvest the best of life's treasure,
One lesson must early be learned,
That we give to each other a measure
Of what our best efforts have earned.
Then, my children, I pray you be ready
To search, as you go, for the flowers,
And to share what you have with the needy,
For thus you'll have blessings in showers.
—A. E. Ross, in N. Y. Independent.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

"Angus Bruce's sister!" exclaimed Herbert, with a start. "What, woman, me marry the sister of a—of Black Beard, the pirate! What put that in your head? What ails you, Mag? What do you mean? How knew you that Angus had a sister?"

"Oh, I've seen her often. She used to go to school in Wilmington, and has often been in your uncle's house. Miss Fannie knows her well. She is a young lady now; older than she is, and is said to be the handsomest girl in Smithville, and now that her brother had to leave home for the murder of your uncle, a murder which you and I know he didn't commit—"

"Mag! Mag! what do you mean?" said Herbert, springing to his feet and glancing hurriedly around the room.

"Nothing, honey, nothing; why, there ain't no one here—no one knows but you and I that it was you that killed ole marster."

"Mag! Mag! on your life don't say that again."

"Why, marster, I meant no harm. I jes' thought t'would be a good plan if you'd marry her. You see, no one would ever suspicion you then."

"How should anyone ever have suspicion of me?"

"Why, you know how wimmen folks are. They never believe that their own brothers or husbands could commit a crime, and they are always looking for some one else to saddle it on, and as you was the only man in the house at that time, besides Angus, you should be the one that they would suspicion—I'm bound they don't believe Angus did it."

"Everyone else does, Mag."

"Yes, all but us two."

"Don't say that again, Mag! They surely can't doubt that Angus is a pirate, with $100,000 offered for his head."

"If I could go down there once, marster, I'd soon find out what they thought. I only want the man that is goin' to bring some of my children to me before I die, to protect himself."

"Thanks, Mag; I know you're all right, and I will think of that scheme, but it's not the pirate's sister that I will wed."

"Who then, marster?"

"You said, Mag, that there were but two young ladies here."

"Yes, marster, but you couldn't—no, you wouldn't—marry ole marster's daughter?"

"Couldn't! Why couldn't I?"

"Because — because, marster — how could you?"

"But you forget the other lady, Mag."

"The other lady? What? That would have been ole marster's bride, Miss Clara Hill? No, no, marster; not that. Ole marster'd haunt you."

"Why, Mag! Mag! what ails you?"

"I'm skeered for you, marster, that's all."

"Yes, Mag, it's Clara Hill that will be your mistress; just the same as though your old master had lived. Surely you don't object to her?"

"No, marster. It's for you to say, if her bein' about don't 'mind you too much of ole marster, that's all."

Herbert had drunk his hot Scotch.

"Good-night, Aunt Mag!" and he arose from his chair, and went upstairs, with a mind anything but undisturbed, and little sleep visited his eyes that night.

"What could Mag have meant," he thought, "by that expression about my marrying Jennie Bruce? Did she, could she, imagine that I sought the sister of Black Beard for a wife? Or is she meditating treachery against me? Scarcely that; she relies on my hunting up some of her children. So I will! So I will! Mag must be kept satisfied! She says that the women think that their brothers and husbands can commit no crimes—why, then, Clara I hope will think so of me. Should Mag go to Smithville, she might ascertain that the family of Bruce are thinking of this matter, but what matters it to me what they think? If Bruce stopped there going out, which evidently he did, and left the cook, he certainly told his mother and sister that he was not guilty of the murder, and that I was—if so, why have they not been heard from before?

"He doubtless told them that all of the circumstances pointed to him, and that to remain would be to hang for the murder—still, I can't understand their silence—it is unnatural.

"Then if Bruce heard Mag scream, he must have told them that, but he also told them, if he did, that a negro's oath would not save him—even if Mag could save him, she would not do it, if in doing it she had to condemn me; perhaps it would be best to send her down, and find the drift of their sentiments.

"I can trust her. That was a master stroke, thinking about hunting up her children—at least I will think of it."

When Mag heard her master ascend the stairs and close his door, she sunk on her knees before the fire.

"Marster! ole marster! do you think Mag is forget—no, honey, Mag ain't forget, but Mag can't z'actly see her way clear. You can rest easy, though, marster, for the woman that would have been my misses if you had lived, will never be my misses now. Since Angus Bruce turned pirate, marster, I don't know how I'll bring Herbert Lathrop to jestis, but I'll do it, marster, I'll do it—if a nigger's oath won't count, a nigger can cut, and shoot and kill. Herbert Lathrop thinks his soft talk 'bout huntin' my chillen bought Mag over. Don't you believe it, marster! don't you believe it! I don't want my chillen to belong to a murderer. I'll 'member, marster; I'll 'member! and Herbert Lathrop shall be brought to jestis."

CHAPTER XVII.

"COULD HE, COULD A MURDERED MAN, DO THAT?

It was fully two hours later than usual when Herbert Lathrop descended the stairs the next morning, after having informed Mag of his coming marriage with Miss Hill, nor did he appear much refreshed.

Slumber had not closed his eyes until the night was well spent, and then his sleep was of that nature that it rather exhausted than refreshed, for it was troubled with fitful dreams in which his murdered uncle, Angus Bruce, Clara, his intended, and Aunt Mag, all played their parts.

He had been at the old home in Wilmington—he was down at the bank, altering his uncle's will.

"What, but $5,000 to your nephew? Make it 50, uncle, make it 50—another cipher will do it—now change that five to 50—there, it's done.

"Hold! let me look to the windows and doors, no one must witness this. The witnesses' names are attached to the deed already—who are they? Strange and Bligh! Why! they were both lost at sea—what! no administrator named? the space left vacant, and no bond required? Herbert Lathrop, you were born in luck—there, now, the name's filled in, put the papers back just as I found them, now lock the safe—that much is accomplished.

"Now to slip out and close the bank. But why slip out? I work here often nights, what made me say that?

"Now the bank door is closed. When next it opens there will be black crape fastened there.

"Ah, Angus Bruce, you will escape suspicion; the murder must appear the work of burglars. Why, here's a bar open; a horn of brandy will stiffen my nerves.

"What! Angus Bruce just on the corner! Fortune favors me—a letter from my cousin—wish to see my uncle. Certainly, captain; follow me.

"Now we are in the library. No trouble, captain, if you don't see him to-night; you may not see him before he leaves on his wedding trip.

"Uncle John! Uncle John!

"What is it, nephew?

"Capt. Bruce is here and wishes to see you particularly.

"I have retired, nephew, but tell Angus to enter my room.

"Now, upstairs! Upstairs!

"Fannie! Fannie!

"Yes, cousin.

"Angus Bruce is below with a letter to you from Clara.

"Tell Angus I will be down at once.

"Now open the trunk—the sheath knife! I have it in my hand—ah, but the blade is keen and long—kick off these shoes and put my slippers on; now off with my coat, roll up that sleeve, the blood might stain it—my uncle's blood!—it's too late to hesitate now, the will is changed. A drink of brandy and one look in the glass—why, how pale I am—now softly, softly, down the stairs—the bathroom door is open, I am inside; there stands Bruce before my uncle, who is sitting on the bedside.

"If she tells me, Angus, that she weds me but to satisfy her father's demand I will return to Wilmington a single man.

"So, so, then Clara does not love you, Uncle John, but Angus, Angus! and she shall not wed him, but your nephew, Herbert Lathrop—can I get behind Bruce without his seeing me? Yes, yes! softly but quick, here I am—now under Bruce's arm—clutch the handle tight—drive hard—home! home to the hilt; now fly!

"That cry! that cry!

"I have you, Mag! I have you!"

Herbert sprang from the bed, the cry still on his lips; the big beads of perspiration pouring from his body—shaking and quivering in every limb.

"My God! My God! how horrible! Why, it's but a dream—this bottle will liven me up a bit; that came of Mag's talk last night. Perhaps I will sleep now."

He closed his eyes, but uninterruptedly the dream kept on.

"Mag, you're a nigger; you can't testify—a word and I'll kill you. Silence, and I'm your friend—I'll buy your children. It was Bruce, Mag; remember it was Bruce. Now I'm back in my room. Ah! a drink, quick! quick! That was Fannie's door; I'll join her on the stairs, and we will view the scene together. What's that? Murder! murder!

"We enter the door; there's Bruce turning from the bedside, with the bloody knife in his hand. It couldn't be better—what a look of horror on his face. I'll call it a fiendish look; there's Uncle John leaning back on the bed, and blood, blood! everywhere. Look again; Fannie screams and faints.

"Angus Bruce, you have murdered my uncle!

"Liar! This is your scheme. It is you that murdered him.

"Call the officers! Call the officers!

"Scoundrel!

"Ah! you are after me! Slam the door! Slam the door! Now watch—there he goes, now for the sheriff!

"What, Bruce! a pirate—Black Beard—and $100,000 for his head! Better; better yet. I hope he'll soon be killed, killed dead—dead men can't talk.

"I am a planter. I own Kendall. You say, squire, that Clara will be my wife? Why, that's what I've worked for. To obtain her hand was one of the objects that caused me to stain my hands with—but no, Bruce did that!

"Clarence and Fannie marry the same day, October 10.

"What's that, Mag? Me marry the sister of Agnes Bruce? You're crazy! Why, he killed my uncle!

"No, you, you! Herbert Lathrop!

"Mag, Mag, never say 'that again; some one might hear you. It's said that walls have ears. I'll buy your children and your husband, and anything you want, but don't say that again.

"Go to Smithville and see what the mother and sister of Bruce say? Well, Mag, we'll see about that—I have faith in you, for you expect me to restore your children, and I'll do it, Mag, I'll do it. I wonder if Tom Hill is all right.

"Ah, the 10th of October is here. Now, it is night, and we will walk in at the chapel door; there is the priest in his white robes, and there is Clara leaning on her father's arm. How beautiful she is—here is Fannie on my arm. What! Clarence and my cousin first? That's well. Why, now they are man and wife, and Clara and I stand before the altar.

"Who is that! Who is that! What! Black Beard? Seize the murderer of John Loyd! What, me! Help! help!" And from the bed leaped Herbert again, his eyes staring and his whole frame quaking.

"Thank God! Thank God! it's daylight. Not for the world would I close my eyes again. I must send Mag to Smithville; I can't stand this. Ye gods, I am whiter than these walls. What! eight o'clock? Had I waked at the usual time, I would have been spared half of that horrid dream. Why, I can hardly stand, and I am wringing wet. Aunt Mag! Aunt Mag! keep your idle thoughts at home."

When Herbert entered the dining-room Fannie was seated at the table.

"Good morning, Fannie."

"Good morning, cousin; why, how like a ghost you look. Are you ill?"

"I am not well, Fannie, and rested poorly. I am going to Wilmington to-day to see Dr. Davis; do you wish to go?"

"No, Herbert, I don't wish to see the place soon, and yet I have spent many happy hours there, when my dear

She sunk on her knees before the fire.

father was alive. What a very fiend one must be to murder a defenseless old man. Why, father never would have dreamed that he stood in danger from Angus Bruce."

"His infatuation for Miss Hill made him desperate," said Herbert. "He could not bear that other than himself should possess her hand."

At one o'clock Herbert was in Wilmington. The principal theme of conversation there seemed to be Black Beard and his exploits, among the latest being the Beaufort and Baltimore episodes.

The Mary Locketi, an incoming vessel with funds to buy cotton, had been overhauled 15 miles from the inlet, and after seven of her crew had been slain, the pirates plundered her, securing a large amount of money, and although no man answering the description of Black Beard was seen among those who boarded and plundered her, the pirates' vessel was a two-mast schooner, and it was generally conceded that Black Beard was her master.

The Sydney K. Jones, another cotton-carrying craft, three weeks overdue, it was claimed had been plundered by the pirates, and with her entire crew sent to the bottom of the ocean.

It was argued that the days of Black Beard must be drawing to a close, unless he at once abandon the Carolina coast.

His crew, it was estimated, numbered 100 men, and was said to be composed of fugitives from justice, ex-convicts and runaway slaves.

A steamer was fitted out in the harbor, which would soon leave in quest of the pirates.

Herbert visited the old home of his uncle, which had not been entered since he had taken Fannie to Kendall; the furniture and the belongings of the house had not been removed, and everything seemed familiar.

He went up to his old room, there stood the half-empty bottle of brandy, from which he had drank that night. He turned a glass, and drank it down, then he passed into his cousin's room; there suspended from the wall hung a painting of his uncle; he glanced at it but once, and left the room; next he passed down the stairway, and at the bottom hesitated—

"Why should I go there? Pshaw! I'm nervous. Why should I not? am I a coward?"

He walked to the library door and entered—the door of his uncle's room stood open.

"There stands the bedstead as it stood that night when—when I killed my uncle. The bloody sheet, blankets and mattress have been removed. There's where Angus stood, right opposite my uncle; there I stole in behind and struck the blow. Ah! what's that? blood! blood on the carpet yet? Hark! that scream! it was in the bathroom—there is nothing there; I am a very fool. I must leave the house before I lose my head. What's that?—a portrait, and with its face reversed. Mine! mine again! There's something wrong—everything is wrong. Could he, a murdered man, do that? Away with such an idea! Herbert Lathrop, be a man!"

He closed and locked the house and proceeded to the dock of the Sunshine, which he boarded for home.

He was seated in the cabin when Capt. Harper entered.

"You are not looking well, Mr. Lathrop. A planter's life can't agree with you. Come, try the brandy on the sideboard here."

"Thanks, captain, I believe I will. I have been having chills."

"Whiskey and quinine, and plenty of it, is the only remedy I know of for Cape Fear chills. By the way, Angus Bruce seems to be giving the whole coast chills. I suppose you read of his latest exploits?"

"Yes, I read of them. You must see his mother and sister sometimes?"

"Seldom, but sometimes I meet them on the street."

"I suppose they are in great distress."

"Strange, but from appearances one would not imagine that they were crushed, though of course they are in trouble; but they bear up well. They will not speak of their troubles with anyone. Tobe, the nigger cook, is around as lively as ever; one would think that the course of Angus was not so much of a surprise to his own family."

"Strange," thought Herbert, "and a large sum offered for his head. I think I must send Mag to Smithville."

Herbert left the Sunshine at Orton landing and arrived home just at dusk.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHE FOOLED HIM.

Married the Deacon and Became Sweet Tempered.

"Deacon," said the man who had been his lawyer for years, according to the Detroit Free Press, "I take the liberty of an old friend and advise you not to marry Miss Nancy Clawman. It may offend you, deacon, but I'm too loyal not to speak right out. She's a shrew, a termagant, a veritable Xantippe. She'll make hell on earth for you."

"That mote be. I ain't expectin' much from her, so she can't disappoint me much. But 'pears to me that fur a man that's been a pillar in the church nigh onter 50 years that my burdens has been too light. The river of life has run too smooth fur me. I ain't had no serius trials and tribulations. I can't see no credit in bein' a Christian under them there circumstances. Ef I kin bear up with a partner like Nancy, keepin' faith an' doin' my duty, I calkalate I will a been tested an' not found wantin'."

"Why, deacon, you have a Mark Tapley disposition. But I have entered my protest and I can do no more. If you really want to be tried by fire I can conceive of no better opportunity."

The deacon had an abundance of such advice from well-meaning friends, but despite it the wedding come off. Then ears were pricked and tongues sharpened with a view of startling developments confidently expected. They were sure that the deacon would not only be henpecked, but clawed, jawed and made a slave of. But they were disappointed. Nancy proved a tender, loving and dutiful wife. Her sour visage was transformed into a pleasant, smiling face. Where her voice used to disturb the air like a cross-cut saw it was soft and sweet. The deacon was surprised if not disappointed. But it was all explained to him and no one else.

"Deacon," said Nancy. "I'm not takin' much credit to myself for behavin', but I'll keep it up to the end. I heerd about that Xantippe business, and I looked it up. You thought you would marry me and then put up with my tantrums. You was goin' to use my shortcomin's to help you into Heaven. I was to be the female terror and you the wise and patient Socrates. Well, deacon, I jist fooled you and all the rest of 'em. You can't make no cross out o' me an' then git the recordin' angel to give you credit for carryin' it."

Failed But Once.

"Don't be afraid. Come right in—my wife's out. Have a little something? Here's a nice quality of old—

"Good heavens, man, you've got the wrong bottle! Look at that label! Don't you see it's marked 'Poison!'"

"Oh, that's all right. That saves it from the hired girl. My own invention, you know. Clever, isn't it? Never failed but once."

"How was that?"

"Hired girl couldn't read."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tired of Running.

Mrs. Kilduff—Oh, yes, I have a running account at Cottons and Tapes'. It is much better than paying for each little purchase, you know.

Mrs. Skidmore—A running account. Why, the collector of the firm told my husband that your account had been standing a very long time.—Tit-Bits.

A Drawback.

She—But he has such a delightful way of saying things—quite a poetic temperament.

He (a rival)—Yes, he has soarings after the infinite, and divings after the unfathomable, but he never pays cash.—N. Y. Journal.

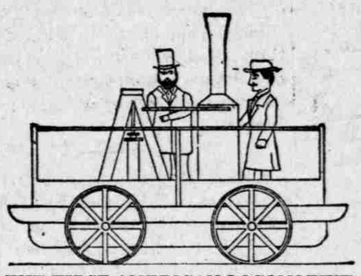
—Less than 700 years ago, or say 20 generations back, each person now living had ancestors numbering over 1,000,000. Nine generations back his ancestors numbered over 1,000.

ABOUT LOCOMOTIVES.

The Evolution of the American Steam Engine.

Peter Cooper's Crude Affair—Various Other Types in Early Use and Their Peculiarities—The Modern Flyer.

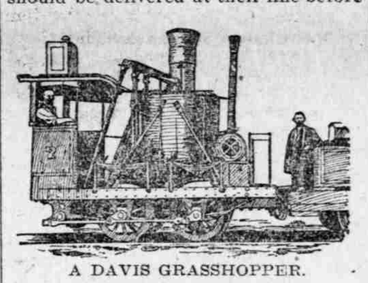
Although Peter Cooper never built a successful full-sized locomotive, he is none the less entitled to the renown of being the father of the American locomotive. He began building his model on the site of the present Mount Clare workshops in Baltimore, in 1829, and made several trial trips with it before the close of that year. It was a very crude machine, judged by the present stand-



THE FIRST AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE.

ard, having an upright boiler with a single cylinder of 3¼ inches diameter and a stroke of 14½ inches. Instead of using the exhaust steam from the cylinder to produce a draught for the fire, as in all modern locomotives, Mr. Cooper placed a fan, revolved by a belt from one of the axles, in the funnel of his engine. The power was applied to the other axle by means of a toothed wheel. The strength of the engine was one horse-power, and attained the then extraordinary rate of 18 miles an hour.

On the following January 4, 1831, the directors of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad company issued their famous offer of $4,000 for the best locomotive which should be delivered at their line before



A DAVIS GRASSHOPPER.

the following June 1. The winner of this contest was Phineas Davis, who called his engine the "York," from York, Pa., where it was built. It was the first of the class known as "grasshoppers," and had a vertical boiler and cylinder. The exhaust steam revolved a fan which in turn revolved a second fan close to the ash pan by which air was forced up through the fire. Under favorable circumstances the "York" ran at as high a rate of speed as 30 miles an hour with three or four cars, and throughout the year 1832 had an average run of 80 miles a day. It was a little later than this that the horizontal boiler was substituted for the vertical one, and the name of the engines using the horizontal boilers were "crabs" to distinguish them from those of the "grasshopper" class.

Ross Winans invented the projecting journals on the axles of car wheels, thus producing at a stroke the friction of hauling them from twelve pounds to a ton to three pounds.

Mr. Winans' first two engines, manufactured in the fall of 1836, though

WINANS' MUD DIGGER.

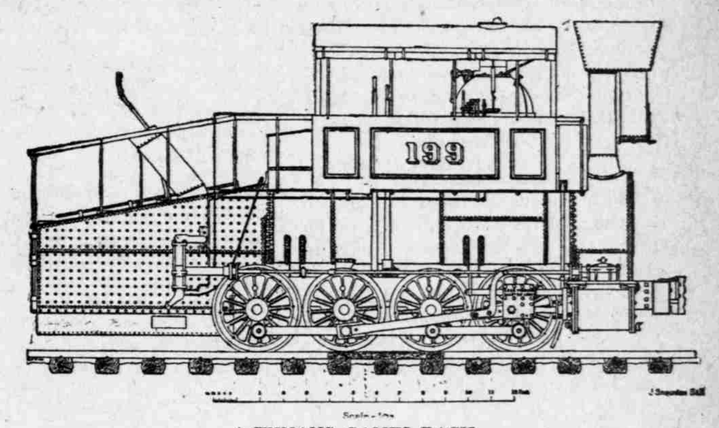
eight tons each in weight, had a greater drawbar pull than any of the 12-ton engines made by Stephenson in England. In the following years the first of the famous "mud-diggers" was turned out at the Mount Clare works. This type of engine had driving wheels three feet in diameter, and cylinders 17 inches in diameter, with a 24-inch stroke. Assuming that the steam pressure in the boiler was 160 pounds to the square inch, such an engine must have had a draw-bar pull of 19,266 pounds, or enough power for even a good-sized engine of to-day, but if the bad balancing of all early locomotives be added to the friction of the toothed wheels, and the lateral and longitudinal play of the connecting rods, it may be safely inferred that the "mud digger" class

HAYES' DUTCH WAGON.

was never able to apply more than half its nominal draw-bar pull.

The variety of locomotive still known as the "camel back" was first built by Ross Winans between 1850 and 1853. These were the first 30-ton engines ever used in any part of the world. Next to one modern class of engines, which shall here be nameless, they were perhaps the ugliest locomotives which have ever been built. Yet the "camel backs" could pull trains no other engine built up to this time could, and kept their scheduled time, summer and winter, over the mountain grades of the Alleghanies, and so well built were they that some of them put into service 30 years ago are still pegging away, much too good to be relegated to the scrap heap.

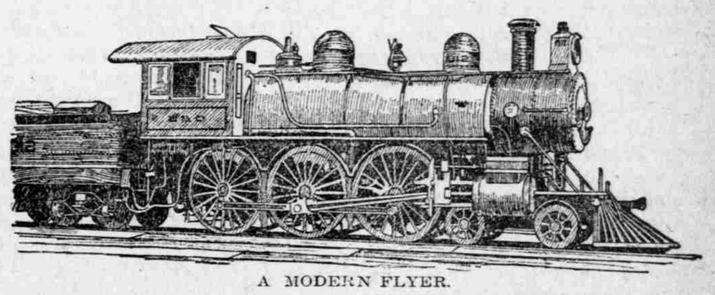
The "Dutch wagons" were introduced by Samuel J. Hayes in 1857. They were wood-burning engines with inside



A WINANS CAMEL BACK.

cylinders. As inside cylinders demand forged cranks on the driving axles, and as these crank axles are liable to fracture with excessive strain or after long use, American builders have wisely avoided them.

Between the era of the "Dutch wagens" and the mammoth locomotives of to-day lie the classes of engines familiar to every one, because examples of them are still to be found working on every branch road. But the latest example of engine building, as illustrated by the ten-wheeled consolidated passenger engines at present in use on the B. & O. road, brings up such magnificent concentration of speed, strength and endurance as were never before seen in the history of the world. These engines have six coupled wheels, six feet six inches in diameter, cylinders 21x26 inches, and a steam pressure of 170 pounds to the square inch. They haul the Royal Blue line trains, and on many occasions have gone a mile in 50 seconds, while one of them has been timed covering a mile in 32 seconds. When it is borne in mind that a "horse-power" really means what a very strong horse can lift in a minute, the force of one of these engines will be realized by conceiving 1,100 horses all able to make one mighty pull at the same moment. As to speed, one of these engines will advance at the almost inconceivably rapid rate of 100 feet in a second. There may be inventions which may be considered more marvelous than the modern high-power locomotive, but surely none displays in con-



A MODERN FLYER.

crete result the power of man to imprison so mighty a force in so small a compass.

E. H. MULLIN.

COST SEVEN MILLIONS.

Baltimore & Ohio Receivers Issue a Statement.

Messrs. John K. Cowen and Oscar G. Murray were appointed receivers for the B. & O. railroad on February 27, 1896, and since they have had charge very large sums of money have been expended in placing the road in first-class condition. The following is a statement prepared by them of expenditures from March 1, 1896, to February 1, 1897:

Within the past few days the receivers have prepared a statement of expenditures from March 1, 1896, to February 1, 1897, for additions to the plant, equipment of the road and betterments made thereon. From this statement it is learned that a total of almost $7,000,000 have been spent for locomotives, passenger and freight equipment, extraordinary repairs to equipment and expentitures made by the engineering department in the way of improvements to the maintenance of way, structures, terminals, and the construction of new alignments and miscellaneous improvements. It is shown that the betterments to locomotives amount to $18,000; the new freight equipment, which includes new dining cars and other passenger cars and betterments, amounts to $86,000; the new freight cars built by the road, and the repairs to those already in service, amounted to $147,000, the total being something over $250,000. The 5,000 new frieght cars and the 75 locomotives which were added to the equipment last summer cost about $3,300,000 in round numbers. The extraordinary repairs to locomotives, passenger equipment and freight equipment aggregate $1,348,000; the total expenditures in the motive department being within a few thousand of five millions. The engineering department has also spent a great deal of money.